

The Native American.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON CITY, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1838.

NO. 33.

Printed by J. C. DUNN for the N. A. Association.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.—Subscriptions for one year, \$2 50 in advance, or \$3 00 if paid at the end of three months. For six months, \$1 50 in advance. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

All letters relating to the pecuniary interests of the Paper to be addressed, postage paid, to the Publisher, JAMES C. DUNN.

All letters relative to the Editorial department to be directed, postage paid, to H. J. BRENT, Editor.

Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

From the Baltimore Visitor.

A DUEL.

"Challenge him by all means, you can't possibly do anything else, can he Doctor?" said Mr. Arthur McShoothim. "By all the laws of honor he is indubitably bound to challenge him," said the Doctor; and the manner in which the doctor said it, put the matter at rest, and made it impossible for Timothy Smithkins of Smithkinsville, who was the third person spoken of, to advance anything further contrary to that opinion; although it was with the absorbing interest and suppressed tone of despair that would mark the criminal perusing his death-warrant that Mr. Timothy Smithkins exclaimed, "I'll challenge him!"

"Bravo, bravo," ejaculated both his friends. And it was agreed that Mr. Arthur McShoothim should be the bearer of the challenge to the offender. The important document was penned, and Arthur bent his steps with the cartel of mortal defiance to the lodgings of the late friend of his friend Smithkins, Mr. Jack Noisy, leaving the unlucky principal with the doctor, to await the issue over their champagne. Poor Smithkins hung upon the "tenterhooks" of suspense, and wondered a hundred times if Jack Noisy had courage enough to accept the challenge; what weapons would he choose? what time—what place would he appoint? would not his friendly feelings preponderate, and Smithkins had just eased his mind with that conceit when footsteps were heard approaching the door. Oh the agony of Timothy Smithkins was insupportable, and the champagne which he had drunk began to bead itself in great drops of perspiration on his pale but burning brow.

The door opened and McShoothim entered alone, in excellent spirits and with a smile of immense gratification extended his hand to Smithkins and congratulated him.

Smithkins laughed and felt the blood moving through his veins again, which ought to be sufficient to convince the most sceptical that they were all alive. "Ha, ha, ha, I thought he would fight," said Smithkins.

"O, but he will; he has accepted the challenge, that's why I congratulated you, my boy; I was afraid he would not." How often this contrast between the feelings of the principal and seconds exists. Smithkins, fortunately, laid hold of a chair behind him and saved himself from falling, as Arthur continued to inform them that as soon as Noisy had read the challenge he appointed time and place.

"As, for weapons," said Arthur, "he would name his, but extended to you the privilege of using any kind you please; nay, you are to bring a variety if you choose; he will afford you the most honorable satisfaction. Is not he an admirable fellow?"

"Y—e—s—!" said Mr. Smithkins. "When is it—to be—to—to?"

"Yes, to-morrow morning at day-break, on the commons at the west end of the village; there is about twenty acres upon there, you know, and we are to approach by Squire Jones' gate. I shall awake you at five; the Doctor will accompany us to set a limb or patch a hole, if Noisy should not kill you right off—"

"Kill me!" exclaimed Smithkins, "why it won't go so far as that, will it?"

"O, there is no telling now, you know; but then the doctor won't do anything for him if you make a riddle of him. We will give you adieu now, and be sure you are ready."

The parties were separating, when Arthur called out to Smithkins to be sure not to forget to make his will.

"Oh dear," said the prospective duellist, and staggered home. Staggered? yes, but not with intoxication. That would be a libel on Timothy's character. What made him stagger then? If you were ever engaged to fight a duel to-morrow morning you can guess. I never was, and can only say that Timothy staggered.

It is not ours to follow him to the chamber of his wonted repose, and gaze with pitying eyes upon the writhings of that carcass of anticipated worms' meat, through the watchings of that awful night. To be brief, Arthur, accompanied by the doctor, was at Smithkins' door betimes, and after numberless delays the trio set out for the battle ground. Squire Jones' gate was passed, and each tested the elasticity of his neck in their eager efforts to ascertain if the other party was on the ground. Something far in the distance, having the advantage of a slight elevation, was discerned, but in the 'misty grey of morn' the evidence of the eye was unsatisfactory. In a minute, however, the stentorian lungs of Jack Noisy pealed out along the commons the startling interrogatory, "Hallo there, who are ye? Speak, or I fire!"

"Answer him Smithkins, tell him who we are!"

"It's us, Jack," said Smithkins, "we are friends you know, don't fire!" but you could not have heard the voice of Mr. Smithkins at twenty paces.

"I'll speak," said McShoothim. "Mr. Noisy, you will learn, sir, that we are Mr. Timothy Smithkins, Mr. Arthur McShoothim and Doctor Lotion, all of Smithkinsville, in quest of that satisfaction at your hands which is due to the injured honor of a gentleman."

The reply to this precise statement was most unequivocal, for it came in the shape of a volume of fire and smoke, and a report that made every cranny in all Smithkinsville echo again. It came from the black muzzle of a six-pounder, whose voice was so well known throughout the village that the inhabitants raised their night-capped heads, rubbed their eyes and hurra'd for "Independence," thinking that the 4th of July had

caught them asleep. Smithskins dropped on the ground like two yards of tape. McShoothim thought he heard a bunch of grape hurle past his ears, and the Doctor, taking off his cravat, fastened it to the end of his cane, and waved it over his head as a flag of truce.

"Well, come on," bawled Noisy, "and let's hear what you've got to propose."

McShoothim advanced and stated that they were prepared for the duello, and had brought with them muskets, pistols, broad swords and small swords, and they expected—

"Yes, but you forgot to bring a cannon," said Jack; "blaze away my boys," he continued, addressing a couple of negroes whom he had hired for the job as his seconds, and by whom the piece had been quickly reloaded, "blaze away and give the gentleman satisfaction." Boom! And if there had been a ball in it, Arthur and the Doctor would have escaped unhurt, for no shot could have overtaken them; as for Smithkins, from Squire Jones' gate his friends had a view of him streaking it down into the village upon the chain-lightning principle, while two or three of the villagers who had unfortunately encountered him, were just straightening themselves after an unceremonious roll in the street afforded them by the concussion.

"Well," said Jack Noisy, "I believe we won this heat; just give 'em a parting salute and wheel the old critter back to the town hall. There's a dollar a piece for ye."

"Thankee, thankee, Massa Jack, when you fights another duel you know where to come for the seconds."

Mr. Timothy Smithkins of Smithkinsville, notwithstanding the unremitting attentions and proverbial skill of Dr. Lotion, was not seen at his front door for three weeks afterwards. QUIT.

From the Mercantile Journal.

After the death of Hamilton, among his papers was found a statement, drawn up by himself, with remarks explanatory of his conduct, motives and views, in meeting Aaron Burr; in which he says:

"I was desirous of avoiding this interview, for the most cogent reasons.

1. My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would ever give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow creature, in a private combat, forbidden by the law.

2. My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them in various views.

3. I feel a sense of obligation towards my creditors; who, in a case of accident to me, by the forced state of my property, may be, in some degree, sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to hazard.

4. I am conscious of no ill will to Colonel Burr, distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

Lastly, I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing by the issue of the interview.

But it was, as I conceive, impossible for me to avoid it. There were intrinsic difficulties in the thing, and artificial embarrassments, from the manner of proceeding, on the part of Col. Burr."

It will be seen from this, that Hamilton was fully aware of the folly and criminality of the action which he contemplated. He knew it was wrong to fight a duel, and he knew that his physical courage could not be doubted; but he lacked the moral courage, which would prompt him to say aloud to the world—I dare refuse a challenge. Had Hamilton taken this stand, when challenged by Burr—had he, by his example, borne testimony to the folly of this custom among men of honor, and its wickedness among Christians, he would have added a hundred fold to the many important services which he rendered to his adopted country.

It was only about three years before Hamilton fell in this duel, that he followed to the grave his eldest son, a promising youth, hardly out of his teens, who was also killed while sacrificing at this shrine of false honor. He therefore must have felt all the wickedness, evils, and misery, attendant upon duelling, in its fullest force. Notwithstanding which, he met Burr on the battle ground at Hoboken, and there received his mortal wound. Surely, there cannot be a more striking illustration of the inconsistency of human nature.

The following is the account of the duel in which young Hamilton fell, which we extract from one of the papers of the day:

"Died, this morning, in the 20th year of his age, Philip Hamilton, eldest son of General Hamilton—murdered in a duel.

"As the public will be anxious to know the leading particulars of this deplorable event, we have collected the following, which may be relied upon as correct:

"On Friday evening last, young Hamilton and young Price, sitting in the same box with Mr. George I. Eacker, began, in levity, a conversation respecting an oration delivered by the latter in July; and made use of some expressions respecting it, which were overheard by Eacker, who asked Hamilton to step into the lobby; Price followed. Here the expression, *damned rascal*, was used by Eacker to one of them, and a little scuffle ensued; but they soon adjourned to a public house. An explanation was then demanded, which of them the offensive expression was meant for; after a little hesitation, it was declared to be intended for each. Eacker then said, as they parted, *I expect to hear from you*; they replied, *you shall*; and challenges followed. A meeting took place between Eacker and Price, on Sunday morning; which, after exchanging four shots each, was finished by the interference of the seconds.

Yesterday afternoon the fatal duel was fought between young Hamilton and Eacker. Hamilton received a shot through the body the first discharge, and fell without firing. He was brought across the ferry to his father's house, where he languished of the wound till this morning, when he expired.

He was a young man of an amiable disposition and cultivated mind; much esteemed and affectionately beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

DUELING.—A writer in to-day's Mirror, who signs herself *Augusta*, and who says her husband was killed many years since in a duel at the South, earnestly and eloquently exhorts the Editor of that periodical to lend his aid to put down that most ridiculous and sanguinary code under which victim after victim is sacrificed at the shrine, False Honor. She quotes at the close of her communication, the annexed

Letter of Joseph the Second to General Falkenstein.

"VIENNA, August 10, 1771.

"GENERAL: You will immediately arrest the Count de K— and Captain W—. The count is young, passionate, and influenced by wrong notions of birth, and a false sense of honor. Captain W— is an old soldier, who has received the challenge of the young count with a warmth ill-becoming his graver years. I will suffer no duelling in my army. I despise the principle of those who attempt to justify the custom, and who think there is any heroism in running one another through the body in cold blood. When I have officers who bravely expose themselves to every danger in facing the enemies of their country, and who, at all times, exhibit courage and resolution in attack and defence, they have my esteem and respect; the coolness with which they can meet death in the service of their country, redounds highly to their honor, and will entitle them to live in the grateful memory of their countrymen. But where men are to be found ready, on the slightest cause, to sacrifice everything to their hatred, vengeance, or false honor, I cannot but despise them; in my eyes, they are no better than the Roman gladiators of old. Order a court-martial to try these two officers: investigate the subject of their dispute with the impartiality which justice demands; and he who is guilty, let him be a sacrifice to the offended laws. This practice of duelling is a barbarous custom, worthy only the age of the Tamerlanes and Bajazets, and a disgrace to our enlightened age and country. Do but think of the melancholy effect which it produces in private life, in the bosoms of families, in hearts which nature has not made hardy enough to bear such losses. I will have it suppressed and punished, even if it should deprive me of one-half of my officers! There will be men enough left for the maintenance of the good cause—men who know how to unite the character of the hero with that of the good subject and the honest citizen—and those only are such, as are actuated by a due regard to the laws of their country, and a proper respect for the good and upright.

JOSEPH."

We are proverbially imitators of foreign customs; let us forego to naturalize their vices; and, for once, follow an example, although an emperor may have given it.

AUGUSTA.

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF ARMAND CARREL,

THE REPUBLICAN EDITOR OF FRANCE.

We would with pleasure lend our columns to prove the high tone of liberty.

Carrel was of middle height, slightly made, and very graceful. Like all persons of really fine faculties, he carried those faculties with him into the smallest things; and did not disdain to excel, being qualified to do so, in those things which are great only to little men. Even in the details of personal equipments, his taste was watched for and followed by the amateurs of such matters. He was fond of all bodily exercises, and had, says M. Nisard, *un peu de tous les goûts vifs*, more or less of all strong and natural inclinations; as might be expected from his large and vigorous humanness, the foundation of strength of will, and which combined with intellect and with goodness, constitutes greatness. He was a human being complete at all points, not a fraction or *frustum* of one.

"The distinctive feature of his character," says M. Nisard, "was his unbounded generosity. In whatever sense we understand that word, the vagueness of which is its beauty; whether it mean the impulse of a man who devotes himself, or merely pecuniary liberality, the life of Carrel gives occasion for applying it in all its meanings. All the actions of his public life are marked with the former kind of generosity. His errors were generally acts of generosity ill-calculated. As for pecuniary generosity, no one had it more, or of a better sort. Carrel could neither refuse, nor give little. I do not diminish the merit of his generosity, by saying that there was in it a certain improvidence, which was but his confidence in the future. He drew upon the future to meet the demands of his liberality. Exposed by his position to incessant applications, he often had recourse to the purses of his friends to relieve sufferings, perhaps not of the most authentic kind, and ran into debt to give alms." There are stories told of him like those told of Goldsmith, or any other person of thoughtless generosity. M. Nisard tells of his pawning his watch to relieve a person not in extreme necessity, and of his taking the cloth off his horse on a winter evening, to throw it over a poor man whom he saw in the streets, shivering with cold. As is often the case with persons of strong impulses, he was of a careless character when not under excitement, and his inattention sometimes caused inconvenience to himself, and made him give unintentional offence to others. But on occasions which called into action his strong will, he had the eye of an eagle: "he seized with a glance, as on a field of battle, the whole *terrain* on which he was placed; and astonished above all by the sureness of the instinct with which he divined the significance of small things. Small things," continues M. Littré, "are those which the vulgar do not perceive; but when such things have produced serious effects, pause, quite disconcerted, before the irrevocable event which might so easily have been prevented." Carrel was never reduced to say "who'd have thought it." Everybody," says M. Littré, "thinks of great things; superior minds alone take proper account of small ones."

His conversation, especially on political subjects, M. Nisard, comparing him with the best conversers in a country where the art of conversation is more cultivated than it is here, declares to be the most perfect he ever heard; and we can add our testimony to his, that Carrel's writings in the *National* seemed but the continuation of his conversation. He was fond of showing that he

could do equal justice to all sides of a question; and he would "take up a government newspaper, or one of a more moderate opposition than his own, and reading the article of the day, he would adopt its idea, and complete it or develop it in the spirit of the opinions which had inspired it. At other times he would in the same way recompose the speeches in the Chamber. 'They have not given,' he would say, 'the best reasons for their opinions; this would have been more specious, and would have embarrassed us more.' His facility was prodigious. And the reasons he gave were not rhetorical fallacies, but just arguments. They embodied all that could be said truly and honorably on that side of the question. He wished by this to demonstrate two of his qualities, vastly superior to mere facility in arguing for the sake of argument: on the one hand, his knowledge of the interests of all parties; on the other, his real esteem for what was just in the views the most opposite to his own."

We have marked all these traits of character, because they help to complete the picture of what Carrel was, and, while they give reality to our conception of him, and bring him home to the feelings as a being of our own flesh and blood, they all give additional insight into those great qualities which it is the object of this paper to commemorate. The mind needs such examples, to keep alive in it that faith in good, without which nothing worthy the name of good can ever be realized: it needs to be reminded by them that (as it is often repeated by one of the noblest spirits of our time) man is still man. Whatever man has been, man may be; whatever of heroic the heroic ages, whatever of chivalrous the romantic ages have produced, is still possible, nay, still is, and a hero of Platine may exist amidst all the prettiness of modern civilization, and with all the cultivation and refinement, and all the analysing and questioning spirit of the Modern European mind. The lives of those are not lost, who have lived long enough to be an example to the world; and though his country will not reap the blessings his life might have conferred upon it, yet while the six years following the Revolution of 1830 shall have a place in history, the memory of Armand Carrel will not perish utterly from among men.

OUR LITERATURE.

We fully subscribe to the following sentiments of the American Quarterly Magazine. Our literary men are praised too much for the trifles which they throw off in hours of leisure. They are accounted by the superficial as ornaments to the literature of the country, and soon begin to think so themselves, though they have produced little that will live over a hundred years. There is too great an itching after notoriety, and too little deep thought, intense research, and love of literature for its own sake. Not until our authors cease to write for notoriety, can they be truly deserving of it.—*Baltimore Visitor*.

"Under such circumstances, it is vain to expect or hope for anything great. There must be no dependence on foreign opinion—no anxiety about foreign opinion—no humble and slavish acknowledgment of foreign approbation—ere we become, what we absurdly boast we are, a proud and self-relying Nation. We must confer, not derive, if we would be anything; we must abandon politics and self, if we wish to create what shall challenge immortality. Fugitive verses and essays, and crude tales, are the reproach, the condemnation of our literature. Though Ephemerals, they yet live long enough to shame our vainglory, and excite a smile on the thick lips of cockneys. We want something better—something higher, deeper, more enlarged and exalted. The trial rests with us alone. Cast aside all imitation of transcendental models—all expectation of European applause—be to thyself, poet or novelist! all that thou desirest others should make thee!—be proud, not vain, silently confident, not boldly ostentatious; never soliciting praise, but happy in the knowledge that thou deservest it. So wilt thou shun the irksome yearning of low ambition, and rest in the elysium of a purified heart!"

In all the reviews we write, whether of foreign or homeborn books, there will be ever our deliberate sentiments. We despise the prospective boasting of our own journalists as much as we do the fatuous arrogance of foreign scribblers. Why can we not act, not talk?—create, not image?—be somebody now, not everybody hereafter! What has the number of our people to do with the learning of our professions, the genius of our poets, or the forensic skill of our orators? Or what is the connection between the extent of our continent—and the isolated greatness of a deep thought man? Nothing. If ever this Nation has occasion to exult in the Present, not prospectively, it will be when we become masters of our own desires, and live in the grandeur of our own thoughts, not (spe pendulus horse) in the expectation that some one will confirm the questionable opinion we entertain of ourselves.

"No one can view these things with more profound regret than we do. But, instead of pandering to folly and fraud, as some do, who win gold by adulation, we mean to speak the truth plainly, and tell our countrymen fearlessly, that, if they do not respect themselves, no one will respect them—that, if they summon posterity to immortalize themselves, they lack all sense in their empty vaunts—and that the only path which leads to honor lies through the wilderness of toil, struggle, privation and heroic self-reliance."

According to official returns, the population of Russia and its dependencies amounted in 1836, to upwards of 60,000,000 of souls, without including the subalterns of the army and navy absent on leave, the soldiers discharged, the inhabitants of the Caucasus between the Caspian and Dead Seas, or the tribes of Siberia and Orenburg, which are estimated at 1,445,000. In the course of the year 1826, 352 Serfs were enfranchised by their Lords. The number of these freedmen at the last census amounted to 67,736.—*English paper*.

Irish quotation from Shakespeare.—An Irishman complaining to one of his employers that he had been slandered as fond of whiskey, added "There's naughten I'd punish worse nor defamation. He as steals my money, (that's Shaksper!) steals more thumpeen; but him as gets hold of my character, robs me of what's no use to him at all, and what I do vident it!"

THE APPARITION.

One evening in August, 182—, a clerical gentleman was residing in this city, in a house adjoining the church-yard of—. The weather was oppressively warm, and being unable to take any rest, from the extreme heat of the atmosphere, he thought he would go out into the church-yard, and walk about awhile.

He arose, and after dressing himself, descended into the yard of the church. It was the solemn hour of midnight. Walking listlessly along, thinking of the many who lay now beneath his feet, in the dark and silent tomb; many of whom a few weeks, or a few days before, he had beheld in all the gaiety and giddiness of youth, or all the wisdom of age; his attention was suddenly arrested, and he was somewhat surprised to see before him, at the distance of not more than thirty feet, a white figure standing erect over a grave.

He did not imagine that any of the inmates of the deep and narrow dwellings beneath him, had come up to dispute his passage over their tenements, or that dead persons, or their spirits, have a propensity to roam the earth, even at the witching hour of night, much less the probability of being attacked by them; he having a stout cane with him sufficient to deter a person of genuine flesh and blood, to say nothing of an airy phantom.

Not being a believer in either ghosts or spectres, he determined, at all hazards, to solve the mystery, and ascertain if it was a being composed of air, or a more substantial inhabitant of this nether world.

The moon at this moment, for it was a moonlight night, was obscured by a passing cloud, and he was thus enabled, as he drew near, to distinguish it more clearly. Arriving within four or five feet he discovered it to be a dense mass of yellowish vapor, bearing the exact resemblance of the outlines of a man's form. Raising his cane, he cut it down and across; it separating, where the cane passed, into four distinct parts, and immediately uniting again, he at once conjectured the cause of this strange and most singular phenomenon:

The time being August, the weather was, as I before remarked, oppressively warm. The preceding day a man was buried here; he was very corpulent; and died from a sudden attack of apoplexy. It was above his grave the form appeared. The gas or steam that came from the body, owing to the heat, ascended through the earth, and formed the shape described, over the grave, and resembled in every particular, the outlines of the deceased person's figure.

This would have made a capital ghost-story, if some person had beheld it at a distance, and had not courage enough to approach an examine it.

If every circumstance of this nature that occurs was examined, I am confident all the idle stories of ghosts and hobgoblins would end in smoke.

BUFFALOES AND THE ELEPHANT.—I remember once seeing, at an entertainment of this kind; three wild buffaloes driven into the arena against an elephant. In order to render them more fierce, crackers were fastened to their tails. During the explosion of these, the terrified animals ran to and fro as in a state of frenzy; and one of them charged the elephant, which stood in a corner of the square, with the blind and misguided fury of madness. The colossal creature watched his victim as it plunged desperately forward, calmly awaiting its approach with his head depressed, and the point of his tusks brought to a level with the shoulders of his advancing foe. The buffalo rushed on, and was almost impaled; the elephant casting the writhing body from his tusks, and then coolly crushing it with his fore feet. The two other buffaloes, having now somewhat recovered from the terror excited by the crackers, which had hitherto diverted their attention from the elephant, gazed wildly round the enclosure, and seeing their enemy prepared for a charge, pawed the ground, raising the dust, and flinging the earth over their heads in a continual shower; then erecting their tails, with a loud roar, they simultaneously charged the elephant, which still remained in the corner where he had at first stationed himself. He eyed them with a deliberate but keen glance, placing his head, as before, towards the ground, and bringing those terrible instruments of destruction with which his jaws are armed in a position to meet the charge of his foremost foe. The result was precisely the same as in the former attack, the buffalo being instantly transfixed upon the elephants tusks; but before the victor could release them from their incumbrance, the second buffalo was upon him. With the quickness of thought, however, he raised his fore leg and struck his assailant between the horns, rolling it over and instantly crushing it to death. It sometimes, indeed, happens in these encounters, when the elephant is timid, which is the natural character of this animal, that he is dreadfully gored by his furious assailants, to which he offers no resistance, but flies from them in the greatest terror. An old elephant is generally too wary and too conscious of his own strength to allow himself to be subdued by such inferior adversaries; and when he offers a resolute resistance, the buffaloes invariably fare the worst. But at these cruel exhibitions, however the contest terminates, there is much more distress than enjoyment experienced, at least by European spectators, to whom the sight of a violent death inflicted even upon animals which they naturally hold in dread, is, in most cases, a spectacle altogether shocking to the better feelings of humanity.—*Oriental Annual*.

French Commerce.—It is stated that the tonnage of French vessels employed in the commerce of that kingdom, 611,940 tons, while the tonnage of the United States amounts to nearly 2,000,000, and that of Great Britain to 2,100,000. The shipping owned in London is 573,000 tons, in New York, 300,000 tons. In Havre, the most important seaport in France, the shipping owned is 78,187, in Marseilles, 71,414, in Bordeaux, 71,001, in Nantz, 58,604. It will therefore be seen more tons of shipping are owned in New York, than in the four principal seaports in France—and London owns almost as much shipping as is owned in the whole kingdom of France.

A Bad End.—One Philip Hansen has been sentenced, from Ashtabula county, Ohio, to five years' imprisonment in the State Prison, for stabbing with intent to kill. The Fredonia Censor says he ran away from that county, some years since, leaving his Printer's bill unpaid, and the editor has thought ever since that he would come to some bad end.